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FETTERS AND LURES.

He leaned upon the gate and peered through the hanging masses of vine tendrils that curtained the little porch that faced him, paused a moment, and then opening the gate quickly, in another moment stood upon the doorstep of the cottage. His step was heard and its summons answered almost at once by a young woman, who glided quietly from within and took his offered hand. One thinks, and thinks justly for the most part, that to see the greeting of a man and woman when they are unrestrained by convention or the consciousness of the presence of others, is to know what they are to one another; at least those of us who pretend to quick perceptions and keen deductions, guess the heart from the greeting. But there are men and women too, whose [illegible] are innately reticent of expression and to whom [illegible] self-control and concealment of emotion is as fundamental and essential as the blind impulse of the bird that waits for darkness and night to spread its wings, or the flower that closes with the first peep of day's obnoxious eyes. In such natures every impulse is subordinated to self-possession; rather than break the sacred seal set upon the vessel wherein their souls lie stifling and compressed, they will live forever like the genii shut within the narrow bounds of silence and secrecy. The man who took Amy Fortescue's hand on that lovely June morning of which I am telling you, was cast in his mould. And so he met her as he might have done had they been brother and sister, or even pleasant acquaintances; met her alone on an early summer's morning, in the soft balmy southern air, and yet no tone or look showed that he was her lover, more than that, her accepted lover. So it was.

"Amy," he said, "can you walk with me? I want to talk with you. I have a letter from the North? it came this morning."

"I will go with you at once, Ralph; just let me get my hat." And she ran lightly up stairs and returned in a moment. "Now I am ready," she said; and taking his arm, they crossed the garden path and wandered off under the live oaks.

Amy Fortescue was the daily governess of Mrs. Heyward's children, and the little cottage in which she lived alone, and which belonged to Mrs. Heyward, was but a stone's throw from the great house where the Heywards lived. Hither she had come but three months before, and here she had met Ralph Holcombe, who was the resident tutor of the two Heyward lads, and had been for two years past. He had turned to her eagerly at first because she was from the North, where alone he could breathe freely and be his real self. For his nature was absolutely devoid of a single chord that could vibrate in harmony with the South. Even the physical inanimate nature gave him no pleasure; the very air heavy with jasmine and magnolia oppressed him with every breath. The odors and colors cloyed on his senses without [illegible] germ of undeveloped [illegible] nature to be tempted forth. He was of the North not only by birth, breeding, cultivation, and conviction, but his fibre, his blood, his spirit were of the North in the broadest and deepest sense. So when this young girl had come into his life, she seemed a spring suddenly bursting forth in a desert, and he longed to drink deep of its waters; sure, they would be cold and pure and fresh as if they trickled downwards from one of his beloved giant snow mountains. Then he loved her. He did not lend himself for her or on her. He did not melt and flow and blend with her soul. He stood upright, unbending, and unstrained her to come to him. He had no doubt that for her it was best—he knew he could trust himself—that his love was a better, surer, sounder thing than any burst of tropical fire, of Southern heat and lightning. He could safely say to a woman: "Lean on my heart—lay thy sweet hands in mine and trust to me;" for he knew himself, and that he was strong enough and true enough to be leaned on and trusted in; and she had felt the power of his almost sublime egotism (for egotism is a power, and, in some shapes, a great working power of this world), and the sway of his will, and more than that, the need of his protection. So when he asked her to share his fortunes and his life, she said yes, and was glad to say it, for had she regretted it, for he had added much to her life and altered nothing that he cared for. She had dreamed of Love and a conqueror, a subsister, a glorious presence that came on the wings of the wind and made all things new, a new heaven and a new earth. She had dreamed of an essence which poured into her heart's springs, should trouble its waters; and she had even a vivid though vague sense of a storm not to be dreaded, a tempest of elements which made her heart throb wildly but not with fear. She had dreamed of a scene whose light would make even the plumage of these brilliant birds, the hues of these radiant flowers more intense and deeper in color—lend a subtler sense power to the magnolia blooms until they should make her soul ache with their intoxicating odor. But here were only dreams, and when she had a lover, and they did not come as realities, when his looks, touches, and words never seemed to have been born in that ideal world, she said to herself, "It was a dream of a dream; life is not like that; that is poetry, and all that a man or woman gets is in themselves or from themselves." Ralph had made life easier to her in many ways. It was such a rest to have the drudgery of her brain-work quietly lifted off her mind; such a relief to have some one to turn to when her poor little head got misty over books; and he was so strong and wise and calm. Every one approved, every one sympathized; it was one of the engagements that so satisfy every superficial requirement as to meet with support and satisfaction on all sides. Mrs. Heyward thought it an excellent thing on both sides; "and then, my dear," she would say, "he is so sensible, so considerate, never keeps you up late talking, or lets you take cold looking at the moon; just as a husband." And, indeed, Mrs. Heyward's satisfaction was not natural. Ralph never led Amy into any of the sweet indiscretions of lovers. His passion for her never seemed to give him that feeling which fills the universe with its own image, and for the time can tolerate no lesser thought. They had no moods, no caprices, nothing of the torrent or precipice. All "still waters and green pastures," and Ralph was a good shepherd, watchful and tender, gentle and untiring.

"Amy," he said abruptly, after they had walked for a few moments silently, "I must go away from this place."

"Away, Ralph! where?"

"I do not quite know; to the West, I think. I have a plan for a school there. But let me tell you about my letter. My brother is dead."

"Oh, Ralph!"

"Yes, dear;" and he paused for one moment to tighten the iron band of self-control, lest his voice should falter. "He died three days ago, and my mother is alone. I must go to her, and she must live with me; she cannot be left alone."

"But, Ralph, you will not leave me alone?"

"Alone? Why, my darling, you will go with us, with me. I have not told you yet. The holidays [illegible] now, and I shall start for the North. Two months [illegible] time [illegible] you, and then we will go at once and go to our new home in the West, away from this languid, enervating South. Then I shall be a man again, and we will be happy."

"But—oh, Ralph, must you go? I had so built on the holiday with you. I thought we could have such pleasure, such delight, such a real taste of the *dolce far niente*; and you know," she continued, laughing timidly as she saw a slight shade come over his face, "I care for the South, Ralph, and its flowers and fruits, its sun and air."

"Well," he said, pressing his lips together firmly and then smiling sweetly (a way he had, which seemed to say, "I am strong, but then I will be gentle too"), "I suppose you can idle and lounge to your heart's content without me, and I must go. For myself, I shall be glad to climb a hill and see a brown-feathered bird again. But, dear, I must not stay here now. I have all my preparations to make. I have said nothing to the Heywards as yet. I came first to you, and you will consent, will you not, Amy, to be *my* Amy in September?"

"I am yours now, Ralph. I have no one to ask; and if you wish it—are you sure it's best? The West is so far, so dreary!"

"Far from where, dear? This is no home for us—no, no. I will go and do my work and come back for my reward. And you will wait and miss me a little, Amy?"

"Indeed, dearest, I shall not know what to do without you—no arm to lean on or brain to teach me; no heart to rest in."

"I will come back to you and always be the same. It makes me happy to hear you say that I am these things to you. They are so preeminently what I think a man should be—what I wish to be to the woman I love."

"Well, dearest, you are all that to me," said Amy dreamily, and they turned back to the house.

"Till to-night, good by," he said, drawing her toward him by her hands, which he had taken, and looking deep into her dyes. "How blue your eyes, are, Amy—

'Blue, blue as if that sky let fall
A flower from its cerulean wall.'"

"What, Ralph! poetry from you?"

"Only Bryant," he said, laughing. "Sentiment, not passion; thought rather than feeling—a Northerner like myself, and like you too, my darling."

"I don't know that. Sometimes I think I have a spice of the South in me," she said.

"No, no—a thousand times no. You are mine, and so right Northern—a violet, a wren on an edelweiss."

"Yours, certainly, and I suppose, therefore, what you make of me." And so they parted.

That night he came and bade her farewell, held her to his heart, and told her that he loved her and would come again and marry her, and take her home—told her so strongly and calmly; and she rested in his arms and bowed her head on his heart, and felt it peace and rest. So then good-by was said. The next morning Ralph Holcombe galloped past the cottage before Amy awakened, looked up at the closed lattices, and blessed her sleep with all his heart; then set his face northward with resolute purpose and calm assurance of his power.

A week had gone by—a week of perfect summer; the holidays had begun, and Amy had set her face to live as Ralph had counselled and desired her to do. She knew just what he had meant, and wished for her to do that summer vacation—the course of study he had marked out, the regular occupation for body and mind, exercise for both coming systematically and steadily upon each other's heels, both followed by repose and rest for mind and body—and she had determined to carry out his wishes; had begun, indeed, to do so, and all had run on smoothly and evenly. But on that seventh morning she awoke later than usual, owing to the trifling accident of her blinds having been closed; and when her eyes opened the day was upon her, with all its wealth of color and odor. The slight freshness and simpleness of the early morning had gone, the sun had kissed every drop of dew from the flowers, and the shadows were scarcely visible. Amy stood an instant at the door of the cottage, and then plunged into a shady walk, where she could sit and read and not suffer from the sun. She settled herself in an accustomed place, but she could not command her usual power of attention. The day was to much for her. She had all nature against her, and she was not meant to fight against Nature, least of all a nature to which she was attuned, and whose influences she felt the more intensely that she was not a mere reflex of the indwelling spirit about her, but a being of complex and intricate harmony. She was, indeed, as Ralph had said, a violet, a northern flower; but there were possibilities in her soul, capacities in her nature, "hopes and fears that kindle hopes, an undistinguishable throng," of which he never dreamed, not being in his philosophy. The scarlet of one flower, the scent of another, would make her eyes gleam and her breath quicken as his never did. She was indeed of such "stuff as dreams are made of." So this morning the soul of the roses about her went into her blood, as Mr. Tennyson tells us it may do even in temperate, sober England; and she lounged on her grassy seat, tried to read her task and did not, and at last gathered a bunch of roses and buried her face in them with a long tremulous sigh of delight. She lifted her head at last, saying, "Oh, how delicious you are!" and saw before her a young man. He stood motionless for a moment, and then came forward, saying, "I beg your pardon, Miss Fortescue; my mother sent me to you. I am Victor Heyward!"

The words told her that he was Mr. Heyward's eldest son, Ralph's first pupil whom she had never seen, and who must have returned home unexpectedly from the East, where he had been travelling. She collected her scattered wits, and answered simply that she would go to Mrs. Heyward at once, rose to her feet, and started for the house. [illegible] by her side, talking easily [illegible] bowed at the door of his mother's room, and then, as Amy [illegible] the handle, said, [illegible] "May I, might I [illegible] with you this evening?" [illegible] directness of the [illegible] appearance [illegible] answered mechanically, and he left her.

All that afternoon, while [illegible] to Mrs. Heyward, [illegible] children, [illegible] real with a curious intensity and vividness. She felt that he was part of the world in which she was living, felt it instinctively, as much as if he had been a bird or a flower, as clearly as she felt the want of harmony between Ralph and the atmosphere about her. This touch which had come in on her dream to-day had seemed the proper divinity of the spot; he might have been the spirit that dwelt in a stream near by, and had embodied itself in human form to people her dream with something more life-like than bright flowers and broad-leafed trees and balmy breezes.

Victor Heyward was one of those rare men who unite intense masculinity and virility to the charm and attraction that is ordinarily by common consent attributed solely to women.

At twilight he came and——but let them speak to us as they spoke to one another.

"Did you expect me, Miss Fortescue?"

"I did, indeed, Mr. Heyward. How could I help it?"

"Only that you looked a little doubtful of my intention when I asked your permission to come to-day."

"But I did not doubt you. I never doubt any one without cause; and that is not doubting them, but disbelieving."

"Heavens," he said with a sigh, "what a nature you must have, and what a life you must have led!"

His tone amazed her, why she could not tell, and she said hastily, "I have seen men, a man at least, and a man of the world too, who trusts his fellow creatures as a matter of course, just as I do."

"Then he had never lived, never loved."

"Love is not a fever fit, Mr. Heyward, not a morbid phase of feeling through which the soul passes. Doubt and jealousy are not inseparable from it. It is a wholesome feeling in a sound nature."

She said these words almost as Holcombe had said them, as he had said similar things a thousand times to her, which she had accepted as truth with authority, albeit no spirit within her bore witness to it. Victor's blue eyes grew deeper and looked almost black, as he looked earnestly at her and said, "You must have been a pupil of Holcombe's, as well as my brothers, that sounds so like him."

She grew first rosy red, and then the color deepened to intensity as she said, "Mr. Holcombe has indeed been my teacher in all I know of love. We are engaged to be married to one another."

As she said this with as much calmness as she could muster, Victor, seizing both her hands in his, as if by an irresistible impulse, cried, "Do you mean it? You are engaged to Ralph Holcombe! It is not so; say it is not."

She trembled with the contagion of his emotion, but tried to draw her hands away and said, "I am indeed, and you must not do this. How strange you are!"

"Listen he said, rising to his feet. "You cannot, must not marry that man. You could love, you are made to love; and he is everything good and admirable if you will, but he could never interpret love to you. How can Holcombe weigh and measure such a thing in his scales and by his rules? Love is not simply one ingredient, as he would have it, in a soberly compounded draught; it's a philter, a poison. It's not, as he would tell you, a bright thread in the sober web of life, scarlet relieving gray and brown, but the light of heaven shed upon the whole fabric till it all glitters like the sun, and every seperate thread reflects the divine glory in rainbow hues. You have read history: were the great lovers of the world wise, well balanced, and reasonable, and self-contained, as Holcombe's definition would make them? Did Marc Antony's hand hold an even balance when he said, 'All for love, and the world well lost'? You have read poetry: pray tell me, did you think the thing that poets sing of was a creature of their fancy? No: we are all poets once, and that is when we love." He paused, and went on in a lower tone of suppressed emotion: "You will think me a player—a fabricator; you will even perhaps believe me if I tell you the truth, and yet I must tell it to you. See, I never saw you till this morning, I know nothing of you. There is no sober second thought, no well-advised choice, no sense of congenial tastes and according views of life. Yet I love you.

"I love you as you were meant to be loved, with a love which would feed your soul. Did I not feel this, I should not have spoken; but I am not dull at reading faces, and love gives a double insight. You were in harmony with those roses to-day, and when you lifted your face from them flushed with their sweetness and met my eyes, I read possibilities of depths to sound and heights to scale, which that man could never penetrate or attain."

She started at his words; they were too true. He saw it, and went on: "I love you with my soul. I cannot reason of it; I only know that it is true that I am yours, and life is all a different color. And I will not let you go without a struggle; I will fight for you, beg for you, live for you. You think this is not love, that it is unworthy the name, that it should be a calm self-controlled sentiment. That may do for some creatures, but never for such as you. What you want I can give you, not he!" And he threw himself at her feet, all aglow with fire and impetuosity. He was a lover to love, for his mood expressed itself in every look and feature fully and perfectly; and with such men it is not want of love but want of power of expression that makes their lovemakings tasteless.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

CHRONICLE-UNION.

BRIDGEPORT, AUGUST 27, 1887.

Entered at the Bridgeport Postoffice as Second-Class Matter.

SAN FRANCISCO AGENTS.

E. C. DAKE, 65 Merchants' Exchange.
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Admission Day—9th of September, will be generally observed throughout the State by the Pioneers and Native Sons of the Golden West. It will be a legal holiday.

The will of Jennie McGraw Fiske bequeathed $1,121,570 to the Cornell University, but the Supreme Court of New York decides that the University had reached the limits of its charter and was not entitled to it, hence it is to be divided among her heirs. A nice plum for Cornell to lose.

To an inquiry, the Land Office, at Sacramento, says a woman can only take up a homestead claim if she is a head of a family. If she be a widow, divorced or abandoned by her husband, she may take advantage of the homestead laws, otherwise not.

Eight or ten bloodhound pups are being raised and trained at the Folsom State Prison to track escapes. A hound, overtaking its man, will down him with one spring, and bite if he resists, but will simply watch if he is quiet.

Henry T. Cook aged 21, discount clerk in the Columbia National Bank, at Washington, has been arrested for forgery, and Charles T., a younger brother, has been arrested for collusion.

On Wednesday pension warrants to the amount of $16,253,000 were issued, and yet, with such a drain, the excess of receipts this month is about $3,500,000 over the expenditures.

Miss Lizzie Finneran, who was burned, a few days since at San Jose, while blacking a stove with benzine polish, died on Sunday.

According to the Sacramento Bee, the State Printing Office should be investigated. It is s-o s-t-r-a-n-g-e that Democrats will go wrong!

The Pacific Mail Steamship Co. intend to purchase a number of fast English steamers to compete with the Canadian Pacific for the China trade.

Efforts are making to induce the Government to preserve the sloop-of-war Cyane, at Mare Island. She was captured from the British in 1812.

Francis Nagry, a Hungarian, aged 130 years, is living in Switzerland. He was at the battle of Leipsic, and the French took him prisoner.

Felipe Alviso, a wealthy farmer of Fresno county, has been arrested and taken to Los Angeles for cutting $6,000 worth of timber on public lands.

The Sumter National Bank, of South Carolina, has suspended, Cashier C. E. Bartlett having decamped with $50,000.

During the past twelve months, Knights of Labor have sustained a net loss of 24,000 members.

Over 6,000 immigrants landed at Castle Garden last week, two-thirds of whom are bound for the West and Northwest.

The total production of silver, at this time, in the United States is $48,000,000 per year.

Joseph Ward, of Spokane Falls, Or., confesses that he murdered Thorndyke, a neighboring rancher.

The citizens of Arizona will soon present to General Miles the handsomest sword ever made in New York.

After September 1st, Government will take trade dollars as bullion only. No redemption after that date.

Professor N. A. Archer, of the University of Pennsylvania, was drowned, on Sunday, while bathing near Atlantic City.

C. Brown, of Portland, Or., was found dead in bed at the International Hotel, at San Francisco, on Sunday.

C. B. Shattuck, of the Spanish mine, in Nevada county, is accused of skipping with bullion.

The San Francisco whaling fleet, 17 vessels, has taken 47 whales this season.

Los Angeles is to have a new Court House.

Last week 232,000 pounds of California and Oregon wool were sold in Boston.

Santa Rosa and Williams have each a new weekly paper.

On Saturday last Santa Barbara celebrated the advent of the railroad into that town.

The New York Socialists are denouncing Henry George.

Grangeville, Tulare county, was partially destroyed by fire on Sunday.

The Big Oak Tree hoisting works, at Colfax, were burned on Sunday.

GOVERNOR BARTLETT'S CONDITION.

Governor Washington Bartlett, who has been seriously ill for several months, was stricken with paralysis on Tuesday night, affecting his left side, but not injuring his mind. He realized his situation and on Wednesday gave directions as to his funeral, burial place, etc., knowing that his end was fast approaching. The Governor has been stopping in Oakland at the residence of his cousin, Mrs. Dr. Annette Buckel, where he has had the best medical attendance, and his last hours.

We are pleased at being able to announce that on Thursday Governor Bartlett was much better and steadily improving. He is recovering from his paralysis, and the physicians think he may live several years, although his disease is serious.

Paymaster George R. Watkins, lately of the U. S. Steamer Ossipee, has been sent to the San Quentin State Prison, for four years, for defrauding the Government, and N. W. Kempton two years at Mare Island for destroying the records. Watkins was convicted of charging cash payments to dead men, and charging exorbitant prices for supplies.

The New York Labor Convention made the following nominations: Secretary of State, Henry George; Controller, Victor A. Ward; Treasurer, R. H. Cummings; State Engineer, Sylvester A. Sweet; Attorney General, Dennis C. Feily.

Alvan Clark, the famous telescope manufacturer, died at Cambridge, Mass., August 19th, aged 83. His last work was the lenses for the Lick telescope, the largest in the world, and the grandest monument the old man could have.

It is estimated that the wealth of the following countries annually increase as follows: France, $375,000,000; Germany, $200,000,000; Great Britain, $325,000,000 and the United States, the wealthiest nation, $875,000,000.

NEW TO-DAY.

LITTLE'S CHEMICAL FLUID
NON-POISONOUS SHEEP DIP.
Price, $1 25 per Imperial Gallon.

Sold in Iron Drums, containing 5 Imperial Gallons, equal to nearly 6 American Gallons.

One gallon, mixed with 60 gallons of cold water, will dip thoroughly 180 sheep, at a cost of 1 cent each. Easily applied; a nourisher of wool: a certain cure for SCAB. Also,

LITTLE'S PATENT POWDER DIP,
(Poisonous).

Mixes instantly with water. Prevents the fly from striking. In a 2-pound package there is sufficient to dip twenty sheep, and in a 7-pound package there is sufficient to dip 100 sheep.

PRICE, 17 CENTS PER POUND.

CATTON, BELL & CO.,
Successors to FALKNER, BELL & CO.,
No. 106 California Street,
au27 3m SAN FRANCISCO.

NEW HOME
SEWING MACHINE
PERFECT IN EVERY PARTICULAR.
NEVER OUT OF ORDER.
NEW HOME SEWING MACHINE CO. ORANGE, MASS.
CHICAGO ILL. — 30 UNION SQUARE, N.Y. — DALLAS, TEX.
ST. LOUIS, MO. ATLANTA, GA. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1849. 1887.
PIONEER
BANQUET,
AT
BRYANT'S HALL,
BRIDGEPORT,
ON
Admission Day,
FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER NINTH.

Dishes uncovered at 9 o'clock P. M.

Instrumental and Vocal Music at the BANQUET.

Salutes will be fired at sunrise and sunset.

Bells will be rung at sunrise, noon and sunset.

The Day will be Celebrated in a manner worthy of the Pioneers of 1849.

A. F. BRYANT, President.
R. M. FOLGER, Secretary.
DAVID HAYS, Treasurer.

MINING NOTICES.

Notice of Assessment.

BODIE CONSOLIDATED MINING COMPANY.

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California.

Location of Works, Bodie Mining District, Bodie, Mono County, California.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 12th day of August, 1887, an assessment (No. 7) of 50 Cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 62, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 16th day of September, 1887, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before will be sold on FRIDAY, the 14th day of OCTOBER, 1887, to pay the delinquent assessment together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.

G. W SESSIONS, Secretary.

OFFICE—Room 62, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal. au20-td

HOTELS.

HOT SPRINGS' HOTEL,

SAMUEL FALES.....Proprietor

JUNCTION OF THE ANTELOPE AND SONORA WAGON ROADS,

(65 miles from Sonora and 80 from Bodie),

MONO COUNTY, CAL.

This well-known and popular Summer Resort is pleasantly situated on the eastern slope of the Sierra Nevada Mountains amid wild and picturesque scenery, which offe superior inducements for tourists. The best of accommodations for families, the rooms being large and airy. For invalids the

STEAM, MUD AND SWIMMING BATHS

are unsurpassed, speedy relief being effected.

The table is supplied with the luxuries of the season.

The best of Wines, Liquors and Cigars at the Bar.

Good Fishing in Walker River.
Commodious Stabling. my22-tf

BARNETT'S HOTEL,

COLEVILLE, MONO COUNTY, CAL.,

Antelope Wagon Road, 50 miles from Carson City and 51 from Bodie).

D. M. BARNETT.....Proprietor

The hotel is new, commodious, and pleasantly situated suppli

The table is supplied with the best the market affords.

The BAR is supplied with the best of Wines, Liquors and Cigars.

Stabling and Blacksmith shop connected with the house. je5-tf

OCCIDENTAL
HOTEL,
Main street,
BODIE.....CAL.
N. W. BOYD,.....Proprietor

THE ABOVE HOTEL WILL BE conducted as first-class in all its Departments.

The Table Cannot Be Excelled.

THE ROOMS ARE FIRST-CLASS,
Being Heated and Kept Scrupulously Clean.

Very Best Attention, as well as the Best Accomodations

BODIE HOUSE,
Corner of Main, Green and Mills Strs.
Bodie, Cal.
O. H. HILL.....Proprietor.

THIS POPULAR HOTEL, UNDER the above management offers unsurpassed advantages to the

TRAVELING PUBLIC,

As well as to regular and permanent boarders

The choicest
Wines, Liquors and Cigars
found at the bar.

YOU can live at home, and make more money at work for us, than at anything else in this world. Capital not needed; you are started free. Both sexes; all ages. Any one can do the work. Large earnings sure from first start. Costly outfit and terms free. Better not delay. Costs you nothing to send us your address and find out; if you are wise you will do so at once. H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine. d25-1y

SUBSCRIBE
FOR THE
CHRONICLE-UNION.

LEGAL.

SUMMONS.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT, IN AND FOR the County of Mono, State of California.

FINLEY CAMERON AND DONALD L. McKINNON, Plaintiffs, v. FRANK R. BROWN, A. E. BEAN, J. F. PARR AND WILLIAM BURNS, Defendants.

Action brought in the Superior Court, in and for the said County of Mono, State of California, and the Complaint filed in the office of the Clerk of said County.

RICHD. S. MINER, Plaintiffs' Attorney.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to Frank R. Brown, A. E. Bean, J. F. Parr and William Burns, Defendants.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiffs, in the Superior Court, in and for the said County of Mono, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein, within ten days, (exclusive of the day of service), after the service on you of this summons—if served within this county; or, if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree against the above named defendants, Frank R. Brown and A. E. Bean, and in favor of plaintiffs in the aggregate sum of $908 88-100 and costs of suit, including the sum of $43 costs of verifying, filing and recording notices of claim of lien, and $500 attorney's fees herein; said amount of $908 88-100, exclusive of costs and attorney's fees, is alleged to be due to these plaintiffs for work performed as miners on two certain mining claims, to wit: The "Rattlesnake" Mining Claim, and "South Extension of Rattlesnake Mine," mining claim, both situate in Keith Mining District, Mono county, California; the notice of the location of said Rattlesnake Mining Claim being recorded in the County Recorder's Office of said county in Book "C" of Notices of Mining Locations, pages 6 and 7, and the location notice of said "South Extension of Rattlesnake Mine," mining claim being recorded in said Recorder's Office in said Book "C" of Notices of Mining Locations on pages 94 and 95, to which full description of said mining claims reference is hereby made to said records and to the description of said mining claims in the complaint on file herein; said work is alleged to have been performed upon said mining claims under contracts severally made with plaintiffs by the owners of said mining claims, namely, said Brown and Bean, and also by their agents, and which said labor was performed by plaintiffs with the knowledge and consent of said defendants Brown, Bean and Parr, and to secure payment of said amount plaintiffs severally filed and recorded in said Recorder's office the notices of claim of lien. Plaintiffs also seek in said action to obtain a decree of said Court that the defendants, Parr and Burns, or either of them have no interest whatever in said mining claims, or that whatever interest either of them may have, the same be decreed subsequent to and subject to the liens of plaintiffs claims of lien, and also that of said aggregate sum the amount of $530 16-100 thereof, together with one half of said attorney's fees, and one half of said $43, expenses of recording said claims of lien, and one half of the costs of suit may be adjudged a lien upon the said "Rattlesnake" Mining Claim, and the tunnels, workings and improvements thereon; and that of said aggregate sum above mentioned, the amount of $378 72-100 thereof, together with one-half of said attorney's fees and one half of said $43, expenses of recording said claims of lien, and one-half of the costs of suit, may be adjudged a lien upon the "South Extension of Rattlesnake Mine" mining claim and the tunnels, workings, machinery and improvements thereon; that the said mining claims with the tunnels workings, machinery and improvements thereon and therein may be sold under the order and decree of said Court, and the proceeds of such sale be applied to the payment of costs of this suit, including costs of lien and attorney's fees, and the sum found to be due to plaintiffs, and also for the claim of any other lienholder who may come in and be made a party to this suit; and in case such proceeds are not sufficient to pay the same, then to obtain an execution against said Brown and Bean for the balance remaining due, and that the plaintiffs may become purchasers at such sale, and that the said defendants and all persons claiming by, through, or under them, may be barred and foreclosed of all right, title, claim, lien, equity of redemption and interest in and to said premises, and that plaintiffs may have such other and further order and relief in the premises as the case may require, and as to the Court may seem just, and for costs of suit.

All of which will more fully appear by reference to the complaint on file herein, a copy of which accompanies this summons, and to which you are hereby referred.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said Plaintiffs will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court, in and for the County of Mono, State of California, this 19th day of May, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty-seven.

L. S.

O. H. KISTER, Clerk.

Indorsed: No. 757. Superior Court, County of Mono.

Finley Cameron and Donald L. McKinnon, Plaintiffs, v. Frank R. Brown, A. E. Bean, J. F. Parr and William Burns, Defendants.

Summons.

RICHD. S. MINER, Plaintiff's Attorney.

[je11-2m]

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

LAND OFFICE, SACRAMENTO, CAL., August 5, 1887.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE following-named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the County Clerk of Alpine county, at Markleeville, on

SEPTEMBER 23, 1887,

Viz: JOSEPH SAUVE, of Woodford P. O., in said county, for the NE ¼ of SE ¼, Sec. 7, N ¼ of SW ¼, & SW ¼ of NW ¼, Sec. 8, Tp 10, N R 20 E.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon, and cultivation of, said land, viz:

Eben Trask, John Hanley, Noah Proul and John Quill, all of said P. O. and county.

au13-td SELDEN HETZEL, Register.

MISCELLANEOUS.

PIONEER SALOON,
CORNER OF COURT HOUSE BLOCK AND MAIN STREET,
BRIDGEPORT.

Refitted and furnished with the BEST of everything required in a First-Class Saloon
au2-tf F. M. RICHARDSON.

GRIMMER'S SALOON,
MAIN STREET,
(Corner of Sinclair street.)
BRIDGEPORT.

The BEST of Everything at the BAR for the NEEDS of the SPIRITUALLY inclined Community.

This Saloon has been made a cozy resort, having been refitted.

ap17-tf A. F. GRIMMER.

"A BOOK FOR THE PEOPLE."
CAPTIVATING! USEFUL! Eloquent Discussions and Diplomatic Papers on the Great Public Questions of the Past and Present, by JAMES G. BLAINE.
Embracing his masterly arguments on the vital issues in the Anti-Slavery Struggle, the All Important Labor Question, Prohibition, Irish Home Rule, etc., etc. ☞A FORTUNE FOR BOOK CANVASSERS! APPLICATIONS FOR TERRITORY COMING IN WITH A RUSH! THE J. DEWING CO., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

The San Francisco weekly Alta will be sent to any address thirteen weeks on trial for 25 cents. Splendid premiums are offered to yearly subscribers.

THE WEEKLY ALTA,
San Francisco, Cal.

Type Metal
FOR SALE,
IN QUANTITIES TO SUIT,
AT THIS OFFICE.

MISCELLANEOUS.

I WOULD NOT LINGER
Now that the season's best opportunity presents itself.
PRICES HAVE WILTED ALREADY
ON OUR SUMMER STOCK OF
Dry Goods and Millinery,
Wash Dress Goods and White Goods.
Hats and Caps, Boots and Shoes,
GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS.
This is a Rare Opportunity, Don't Hesitate to
GATHER IN THESE BARGAINS!
OR YOU WILL LIVE TO REGRET IT.
SILAS B. SMITH,
Main Street, Bodie.

POSTOFFICE STORE,
BRIDGEPORT, MONO COUNTY, CAL.,
HAS IN STOCK
Choice Family Groceries,
DRY GOODS
FANCY GOODS,
CLOTHING,
BOOTS, SHOES and HATS,
Wines and Liquors,
PAINTS, OILS, LAMPS, CHIMNEYS and WICK
Hardware,
Stationery, Confectionary,
Powder and Shot.
A. F. BRYANT.

JOE A. BROWN,
General Merchandise,
Main Street, Bridgeport.
Choice Family Groceries,
Fancy and Toilet Articles.
Candies and Nuts
Yankee Notions,
Powder, Shot, Caps and Cartridges,
Stationery, etc., etc.

D. HAYS & BRO
MAIN STREET, BRIDGEPORT,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN
General Merchandise,
Consisting of
GROCERIES, HARDWARE,
Provisions
Wines and Liquors.
CLOTHING,
DRY GOODS, BOOTS AND SHOES.
Paints, Oils, Sash, Windows, Doors and Glass
BUCKEYE MOWERS and AGRICULTURAL
IMPLEMENTS.

CHRONICLE-UNION.

BRIDGEPORT, AUGUST 27, 1887.

LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

Personal.

R. S. Miner arrived home on Sunday from San Francisco, via Independence.

Rev. G. B. Hinkle and wife left here on Wednesday for Truckee, Nevada county, the new home assigned them by the late Conference at Carson.

Judge Hakes and R. S. Miner visited Bodie on Wednesday.

W. H. Virden and W. O. Parker went to Cameron on Wednesday on legal business.

Thos. B. Rickey and wife came in from Antelope on Tuesday evening, and after dinner went on to the Point, returning to Antelope the next morning.

Mrs. Mills, of Bodie, came up from Cameron on Tuesday and went to Bodie the next day.

J. F. Norman, of Cameron, is in town to-day.

George F. Willis came up from Antelope on Wednesday, and returned yesterday.

C. C. Turner, who has been a pretty sick man this week, is better to-day.

We regret to learn that Mrs. Wash. P. Brandon is very sick.

A LUNCH PARTY.—A lunch party was given yesterday by Mrs. A F. Bryant to Mrs. Charles Elliott, of Lodi, who is visiting the Elliotts of this place. Mrs. Bryant invited a number of lady friends to meet Mrs. Elliott, and at about 1:30 an elegant lunch was served. After lunch, vocal and instrumental music, interspersed with social converse, made the afternoon pass most pleasantly. Mrs. Chas. Elliott will return to Lodi in about ten days. The following ladies enjoyed the hospitality of Mrs. Bryant: Mrs. A. P. Allen, Mrs. J. A. Brown, Mrs. Chas. Elliott, Mrs. Wm. Elliott, Mrs. Edmiston, Mrs. R M. Folger, Mrs. S. A. Hopkins, Mrs. David Hays, Mrs. Frank Hanson, Mrs. O. H. Kister, Mrs. Judge Leavitt, Mrs. Minnie Miller, Mrs. Watkin Morgan, Mrs. Ada Stewart, Mrs. W. H. Virden.

LEFT OUT.—The late Conference at Carson passed Antelope, Bridgeport and Bodie in making its apportionment of the Lord's Shepherds. This is to be regretted, not on account of Bridgeport, but we feel a deep interest in our Antelope friends, the music of the little Church bell on the hill having a soothing effect on many of the most prominent residents of Coleville, who will be lonesome without a church to attend. Bodie will soon be supplied, as the powers that be will not feel themselves justified in neglecting the "bad man" for any length of time. In the meantime Bridgeporters pursue the ways of the righteous, as usual.

THE NAME FIXED.—The Postal bosses at Washington, who refused to sanction the name of Newburg for our new Po-toffice in the Patterson District, have adopted the original name of the town—Cameron, and appointed Thos. J. Hill, the Cameron merchant, Postmaster. We understand a contract will be let for carrying the mail between Bridgeport and the new town. Now this vexed question is settled we hope our Cameron friends will be "happy and content."

CHANGE OF BASE.—The late Conference at Carson transferred Rev. G. B. Hinkle from the Bodie and Bridgeport Circuit to Truckee. The Reverend gentleman has been in this section many years, during which he has shown himself to be a true Christian and a good man among men, and a good worker in his calling. Here he has a legion of friends who wish him and his good wife every happiness and prosperity in their new location.

NEW CITIZEN.—Judge Hakes has admitted to citizenship Fred. Dick, a native of Germany, in accordance with Sec. 2166 of the Naturalization law, which allows a person who was in the army and honorably discharged to be naturalized without taking out first papers. District Attorney Virden and County Clerk Kister were Dick's witnesses.

HORSES MISSING.—Several of our farmers have a number of horses missing from their bands—about eight or ten from each. It is not yet known to a certainty whether they have strayed or been stolen, but there is an uncomfortable suspicion about that they have been stolen. If stolen, and the thieves are caught, it is thought the county will be put to no expense.

A PIONEER BANQUET.—The Pacific Coast Pioneers of this place have made arrangements for a grand banquet to be given at Bryant's Hall on the evening of September 9th—Admission Day. It promises to be a fine affair. Tickets will be limited and issued only on invitation.

ALL FIXED.—District Attorney Virden, having purchased a horse and buggy yesterday, makes honors easy, all our county officials, having use for such conveyances, being now supplied.

OUR SCHOOL.—The Trustees of Bridgeport School District have engaged Superintendent Hampton to take the school another term.

A RUMOR.—There is a rumor afloat that there will be preaching in the School House to-morrow morning, but we know not how it originated.

SHEARING.—Dr. C. Sinclair commenced this week shearing his sheep. He will Winter them in Mason Valley.

COOLER.—The weather has been pleasant to-day, the mercury registering 80 degrees noon.

Aurora.

A. F. Bryant yesterday received a private letter from Aurora in which he was informed that the Antelope mine had a 11-foot ledge that will go over $14 a ton at the mill. The Silver Hill Mill is running day and night on Antelope ore, and doing well.

The Hawthorne Bulletin of Wednesday says:

All the miners who go to Aurora find employment. The Antelope is turning out plenty of ore, and the situation is holding its promising appearance. The Consolidated Esmeralda Company has been again lucky in making a discovery of rich ore in the Juniata, and another body of rich rock in the Durand. The development in the Juniata is at least a mile distant from the Durand on the same ledge, and there is every reason to believe that the company has an opulent future, and the old camp a solid establishment on a bullion foundation.

Ten tons of rich ore from the Durand mine were sent down from Aurora on Monday for shipment to San Francisco.

LITTLE OFF.—A Fish Lake correspondent of the Esmeralda News says:

"Indian Summer is here with its hazy, smoky atmosphere."

We have always supposed "Indian Summer" was in October, and not in the "dog days" of August.

Matthew Cook, the well-known entomologist, died at Sacramento on Thursday, in the 58th year of his age. The deceased was the best posted in the State on insect pests, and his work on the subject is a standard in the public schools of the State.

The Pennsylvania Prohibitionists nominated Simeon P. Chase for Supreme Judge, and D. C. Irish for State Treasurer.

INTERESTING TO LADIES.

Our lady readers can hardly fail to have their attention called this week to the latest combination of improvements in that most useful of all domestic implements, the "sewing machine."

As we understand it, a machine for family use should meet first of all these requirements: It should be simple in its mechanism; it should run easily; it should do a wide range of work; it should be as nearly noiseless as possible; it should be light, handsome, durable, and as cheap as is consistent with excellence throughout.

These conditions the "Light-Running New Home" certainly meets. It has also several very important and useful attachments and "notions" of its own, which go far to make good its claims to popular favor.

The "New Home" specially recommends itself to purchasers on account of its superior mechanical construction, ease of management and reasonable price. Over half a million have been sold in the last three years, all of which are giving universal satisfaction. This unrivalled machine is manufactured by the NEW HOME SEWING MACHINE CO., Orange, Mass., and 30 Union Square, New York.

WHAT HE WANTS.—Our friend, Silas B. Smith, of Bodie, don't "want the earth," but he does want, and merits, a share of public patronage, as he has a fine stock of goods in store for the Spring and Summer trade—for "Spot Cash." And it is surprising, the amount of goods a few American dollars will get away with from Silas B.'s store. See his new advertisement on the second page.

PLATED GOODS.—The latest patterns of PLATED WARE, SPOONS, KNIVES and FORKS, etc. are at Charles H. Kelly's Store, Bodie, and offered at prices suitable for hard times.

CARPETS.—Charles H. Kelly, of Bodie, has received a new stock of TAPESTRY-BRUSSELS, THREE-PLY, and IN GRAIN CARPETS, which can be bought at hard times prices.

WALLPAPER.—WALLPAPER in new and pretty designs just received at Charles H. Kelly's, Bodie, which is offered at hard times prices.

AGATE WARE.—At Charles H. Kelly's, in Bodie, can be found the Celebrated AGATE IRON WARE, in many designs, and for all uses, at hard times prices.

OIL CLOTHS—TABLE, SHELF and FLOOR OIL CLOTHS—latest styles, for sale at hard times prices at Charles H. Kelly's, Bodie.

CROCKERY AND GLASSWARE.—The largest assortment of the best of CROCKERY and GLASSWARE is for sale at hard times prices at Charles H. Kelly's, in Bodie.

CALAMITIES.—Among the goods at Chas. H. Kelly's, in Bodie, are 1,013 Calamities of all sizes, colors, and previous condition, at hard times prices.

GET A PRIZE.—The purchaser of a can of Silver Star Baking Powder at Joe Brown's gets a nice present. Presents on exhibition.

Perforated veneer chair bottoms at D. Hays & Bro.

D. Hays & Bro. have just received a large stock of boots and shoes.

A fine assortment of Summer hats for children at D. Hays & Bro.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

"SAMANTHA AT SARATOGA."

Miss Marietta Holley, now well known to the reading world and lovers of the humorous as "Samantha, or Josiah Allen's Wife," has "been to Saratogy." Everybody has heard of Saratoga, but few comparatively know much of its peculiar ways. No summer resort enjoys a more cosmopolitan patronage, or has a livelier round of enjoyments than Saratoga. Here the railroad kings and merchant princes have long been accustomed to gather, while, naturally enough, the lesser satellites which always revolve around these suns are clustered in the same quarter of the fashionable heavens.

The rich and those who would be thought rich, health seekers, money seekers, and matrimonial seekers flock to Saratoga and crowd its great hotels and its innumerable boarding-houses, making a concourse infinitely diversified and full of interest to every observant and thoughtful person.

Into this wild whirl of fashion Miss Holley's new book plunges the reader. But they enter, not as participants who are part and parcel of the great show, but as spectators, whose views, habits of life, and sympathies are all in other spheres. Josiah and Samantha Allen are from a retired and inconspicuous village of New York State. They represent the unsophisticated, but sound, sensible people of that section, who have seen but little of the world, but who have keen perceptions and wonderfully clear judgments as to what is fit and proper.

Two such persons settled down amid the fashion and frivolity of Saratoga would see many startling sights, make many amusing blunders and drop many a quaint expression. Josiah, for example, amid these surroundings is strikingly like the famous bull in a china shop. He is continually going wrong, and Samantha is perseveringly trying to correct him, while both are wildly out of harmony with the life about them. "Samantho at Saratoga" will be an entertaining book for the family circle during the long Winter evenings now fast approaching. It is profusely enriched by laugh-provoking illustrations. Published by Hubbard Bros., of Philadelphia

HE KILLED GENERAL TIEHLEMAN.—The strange chances that bring men, who have strongly influenced each other's lives, together were again exemplified one afternoon at the Panorama of Vicksburg, on exhibition at the Mason and Eddy streets Panorama Building, San Francisco.

Captain L. S. Hudson, who aided in serving the Chicago Mercantile Battery, which is depicted in action on the great canvas, and who, in connection with Major Crall, delivers descriptive lectures on the platform of the Panorama, was rehearsing the incidents of the hard fought day, when a gent'eman among the spectators stepped forward and said: "Do you remember whom your battery engaged at the battle of Champion Hill?" "Yes," replied Capt. Hudson. "It was the First Mississippi Light Artillery; I shall never forget it, for with Gunner Gilmore, under our Captain White's orders, I sighted the gun which killed the handsome General Tiehleman, our opponent's commander."

The visitor's eyes filled with tears.

"General Tiehleman was my father," he said. There was a moment's silence, and then Mr. Tiehleman, who is a prominent broker in Wall street, turned to the Captain, extended his hand and said: "The war is over, let us forget and forgive."

Who Knows

WHEN

Steamboats will sink or burn?
Railroad trains will be wrecked?
Boilers or lamps will explode?
Horses will take fright and run?
Bricks or timbers will fall?
Fire burn or lightning strike?
Machinery will crush or mangle?
Tools or glass will cut?
Splinters or nails will wound?
Slips and falls will happen?
Hammers and weights will bruise?
Ladder or staging will give way?
Animals will kick or bite?
Limbs will be sprained or broken?
Fatal or disabling injury by accident may be caused in any one of a thousand ways

As no one knows, the only safe and sure way is to

INSURE

IN THE

TRAVELERS

ACCIDENT INSURANCE

COMPANY.

OF HARTFORD, CONN.

ALEX. C. FOLGER.

AGENT

BRIDGEPORT, CAL

THE

CHRONICLE-UNION

IS THE PIONEER,

AND LEADING PAPER OF

MONO COUNTY.

ZERMATT AND THE MATTERHORN.

Mont Blanc, Mont Cenis, and St. Gothard, with their snowy peaks and seas of ice, are well known. Stay-at-home people who have never been across the Atlantic are familiar with them, through the medium of books, pictures, and photographs, and travellers and tourists by scores of hundreds clamber up their sides, of whom a few, more agile, daring, or fool-hardy than the others, scale their loftiest peaks. But if tourists or travellers wish to behold the wildest and most gigantic scenery in Switzerland, let them wander through the Canton of Valais—

"Where the swift Rhone cleaves his way between
Heights that appear as lovers who have parted
In hate, whose mining depths so intervene,
That they can meet no more, though broken-hearted."

There, amid mighty "peaks, passes, and glaciers, among scenes of primitive civilization, and in view of desert places, where no one comes or hath come since the making of the world," they will see all the varied forms of nature developed to the utmost, and will meet with contrasts sharper than occur in any other portion of the globe. The fervent warmth of Italy is side by side with the eternal frost of the polar regions; the ardent vine and the Oriental peach grow side by side with firs and larches, and all the four seasons of the year may be found prevailing at one and the same time within the limits of a single parish.

Strange to say, this land of wonders has only of late been admitted to a place in the fraternity of Alpine travellers. One reason for this delay may have been that the chief elements which form the Canton of Valais are rock, snow, and glaciers, and as these occupy nearly nine-tenths of its area, there is but little space left for those sunny spots of gold and greenery so refreshing to the wearied eyes, where the vine-leaves climb and cling, and the cornfields wave. This Canton has been described as an immense trough, seventy miles in length, one and half miles in depth and two miles wide at the bottom; the mountains on each side are among the highest in Europe, and it is exposed to furious torrents and destructive avalanches. The Rhone has shown itself a very faithless friend, through long centuries; it has committed the wildest ravages, flooding the fields and villages of Upper Valais, and destroying human habitations by the thousand. In a remote situation at the head of the valley of the Visp, a feeder of the upper Rhone, is the hamlet of Zermatt, whose name will be searched for vainly in gazetteers and geographical dictionaries, but it is now better known, having become a popular resort of tourists drawn thither by the grandeur and sublimity of Mont Cervin, or the Matterhorn, from which it is distant about nine miles. Saussure, the celebrated Swiss physicist and geologist, and one of the first travellers that ever stood on the summit of Mont Blanc, writes thus of his arrival in Zermatt: "We had the greatest difficulty in finding a house where they would take us in; and the cure, who sometimes lodges travellers, sent us word that he would not sell us anything." Saussure found himself obliged to have recourse to violent measures in order to procure a lodging for the night from a peasant. This occurred in 1768, but in 1839 travellers were introduced to a gentleman who had enlarged and arranged his house expressly for the accommodation of respectable wayfarers. Subsequently one good hotel, to be shortly followed by others, developed out of the original private establishment.

From the valley of Zermatt the base of the Matterhorn is seen at its narrowest, and its ridges and faces seem to be of prodigious steepness. The peak of this mountain is nearly 15,000 feet in height; and rises abruptly by a series of cliffs, which may properly be termed precipices, a clear 5000 feet above the glaciers which surround its base. "It was the last great Alpine peak which remained unscaled," writes Edward Whymper, "less on account of the difficulty of doing so, than from the terror inspired by its invincible appearance. There seemed to be a cordon drawn around it up to which one might go, but no further. The superstitious natives in the surrounding valleys, many of whom still firmly believe it not only to be the highest mountain in the Alps, but in the world, spoke of a ruined city on its summit, where the spirits dwell; and if you laughed, they gravely shook their heads; told you to look yourself to see the castles and the walls, and warned one against a rash approach, lest the infuriate demons from their impregnable heights might hurl down vengeance for one's derision." After many unsuccessful attempts by many experts to reach the peak of the Matterhorn, the feat was accomplished by Edward Whymper and his party, who started from Zermatt on the 13th of July, 1865, and reached the summit on the forenoon of the following day. "The atmosphere was perfectly still and free from all clouds and vapors. Mountains fifty—nay, a hundred—miles off looked sharp and near; ridge and crag, snow and glacier, stood out with faultless definition." On their descent the snowy Alpine wastes claimed their tribute of victims. Of the four that constituted Mr. Whymper's party, he alone was left to tell the tale.

A Spadeful More or Less.

The most trivial and careless action of even the least able and influential of men may have consequences which science itself can hardly calculate. Here, for instance, is a laborer who may dig twenty more spadefuls before dinner, or only nineteen. That surely is a point which he is free to determine, a point which is determined for him by no physical force or law. But how much may depend on even this trivial determination of his will!

On whether or not he digs that twentieth spadeful it may depend whether a slug if turned up or not; on the slug may depend the dinner of a young swallow, who is feeble on the wing; on this single meal may depend whether the bird shall join the migratory flock, and reach Africa in safety; but on this fledgling's arrival or non-arrival may depend whether a certain insect shall be snapped up by him, or left to lay a million eggs, which in that case will next month be each a locust, laying a million more; and on this billion of locusts and their progeny it may depend whether by Christmas a vast tract of country shall be green as Eden or a leafless wilderness, and its mean temperature 100 degrees or only 70 degrees; and on such an area being the hottest or coolest portion of the tropics may well depend the winds and the drought or rain of a season over half or the whole of Europe. All these events, and many more, may depend on the single, unstudied, momentary act of a man who is quite free to do that act or to leave it undone!

Reduction of railroad fares throughout the State is to be made, the Commissioners and companies having so arranged.

Fapamint, Inyo county, has been made a Post Office.

MISCELLANEOUS.

TO people who wish to order goods by mail, we say:

LOOK OUT FOR OUR FALL AND WINTER CATALOGUE, to be ISSUED about the first part of SEPTEMBER.

It comprises the Latest Styles and Ideas; is the most complete we have ever issued, and we expect extraordinary results.

WE are the LARGEST CONSUMERS of goods on the COAST, and BUY DIRECT from MANUFACTURERS, thereby enabling us to name prices MOST ADVANTAGEOUS TO YOU.

In 1880 we started, in an unpretentious way, at 812 K street; we did not doubt the future; since then, our stores have gradually increased with a rapidity that astonished us, necessitating improvement after improvement—all aimed towards having a splendid structure in Sacramento at some future time. That time has come. To-day we are adding 20x80 feet to the rear of our present large establishment, and building two more stories over the 80x100 feet. The carpenters' busy hammers are heard from morn till night, sending forth a tune of enterprise which rings from one end of Sacramento to the other, in encouraging tones of commendation. When completed, we will have the largest and most magnificent store in Sacramento.

WE ARE READY FOR A LARGE ORDER TRADE!

WE ARE GOING TO HAVE IT!

WE WILL GIVE PROMPT AND CAREFUL ATTENTION TO YOUR ORDERS.

We Will not be Undersold!

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Manufacturer of Acorn Dress Shirts, Collars, Cuffs, Shirt Fronts, Ladies' Collars and Lace Neckwear,

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The latest shirt issued under the "Acorn" Brand is "THE WONDER," and it is also the best shirt ever made for the Trade.

The following are some of its principal points of excellence, a printed list of which is attached to each shirt:

1st—It has the finest and heaviest muslin ever put in a shirt, (Utica Nonpariel improved).

2—It has a 3-ply linen bosom.

3—It is of extra length.

4—It is reinforced, both back and front, extending and meeting under the arm where most needed.

5—It has the Tomlinson patent endless facing.

6—It is custom make and finish.

7—It cannot break or tear anywhere.

Like the Deacon's "one-hoss shay," it has no weak spot, and will never "give" anywhere, but, at the end of scores of years, it will dissolve into space—not a thread broken or a seam started.

Fathers will bequeath these shirts, purchased in early manhood, as a legacy to their children.

We expect a large demand for them to place in the corner stones of public structures as evidence of the greatest triumph of modern civilization.

We are taking steps to put this crowning achievement of art into the "Acorn" agencies in London, Paris, Berlin, St. Petersburg and Constantinople, when it can not fail of instant and permanent success.

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CHRONICLE-UNION.

AUGUST 27, 1887.

FARMING NOTES.

STACK COVERS.

One of the most useful, but seldom seen, articles, upon farms is a stack cover. Many farmers have not sufficient barn room for the proper storage of all the early gathered crop, a portion of which has to be stacked outside. Often the stack cannot be completed upon the first day, and has to be left unprotected from the weather. Or rain falls during the operation of forming the stack, and the contents receive more or less damage. The value of the lost crop would, in most cases, be more than the cost of canvas covers. Frequently a load of hay or grain is put upon a wagon, but cannot be taken to a place of shelter before a shower of rain descends upon it. In such cases a stack cover would prove valuable. Again, a valuable binder or other implement is at work; bad weather sets in before the machine can be removed to cover, the stack cover comes in very handy, and the implement, being kept free from alternate wetting and drying, will last so much the longer. The many instances wherin they would prove valuable are too numerous for us to here enumerate. Old ship's sails make splendid stack covers, and where these cannot be had, duck is a very good substitute. This can be purchased at the leading dry goods stores at a very cheap rate. When in use, one of the main things is to see that there are no hollows where the water can lodge. A thin material, such as common factory cloth, will turn off a great deal of rain if kept well stretched, exactly on the same principle as an umbrella. Damp may penetrate, but if there are no hollows the water will pour off. After use the covers should be well dried in the sun, folded and put away in a convenient place for future and ready use. They will then last for years. The size of the covers is entirely a matter of choice. Two of, say, five yards square will be found very convenient, and capable of covering a tolerably large stack, and it will be found that two covers of moderate dimensions will be more convenient to handle than a large one.

CAULIFOWER AND ONIONS.

In regard to watering of field crops, such as cabbages, cauliflowers and celery, there seemf to be a growing opinion that they are often injured bp too much water if a heavy rain should immediately follow an artificial irrigation. Some fields of early cabbages are believed to have been injured thus during the recent dry weather of May, which was followed by a wet week. Celery, too, is sometimes injured by watering injudiciously, the wet soil baking around the plants to their injury. This may be avoided by immediately following the water by the plow and hoe as soon as dry enough. Early cauliflowers are an uncertain crop. This year they are a failure on some farms; they do not bear transplanting from a hotbed to the field so well as early cabbages, but if the plants are grown without moving, that is, allowed to head where the hotbed stands, by simply removing the glass and thinning out to proper distance, they are more sure. The hot-house cucumbers have been very productive this year, and those in the frames are looking well. Last year they were very generally destroyed by some disease, the nature of which is not known, but is thought to have some connection with the cold weather of June last year. One of the best reme lies for the onion maggot is found to be a hen cooped in with a brood of fifteen or twenty chicks for each quarter acre of onion bed, the chicks being allowed free range. If applied about the time the onions come up, they will pick up nearly all the flies that produce the maggots. Would not this apply to the cabbage maggot also?

ONIONS.

Aside from the potato crop the onion crop is the most important vegetable crop grown, and under proper culture is an exceedingly profitable crop. They yield from 300 to 500 bushels per acre, according to the nature of the soil and culture, and rarely sell for less than 50 cents per bushel, while they not unfrequently are worth as high as one dollar. The soil must be rich and thoroughly and deeply pulverized. A rich, loamy soil is the best. Manure heavily with well rotted manure. The soil cannot be made too rich. It is useless to try to grow onions on poor soil or in a shiftless manner. A few days neglect when the weeds are growing rapidly, or a week's delay in sowing after the ground is in a suitable condition in the spring, will often ruin the crop. There is no crop in which thorough culture will bring larger returns. A top dressing of wood ashes applied after the second weeding will be found to greatly improve the crop.

A MODEL PEAR TREE.

The Mantakana correspondent of the Auckland, New Zealand *News* writes:—"As an encouragement to the hopeful, and a lesson to pessimists in fruit growing in these days at low prices and short returns, the yield of a pear tree in the orchard of Mr. J. E. Matthew, may be shown as what comes to those who wait for the development of a fruit tree. The pear tree is the Forrele, or locally known as the "red spot." The height of the tree is over 30 feet with a proportional spread of branches, which, when pendent with the weight of fruit, like stringed onions, presented a sight not to be forgotten. This may be imagined when the yield is stated to be 2,000 lb. Even at 1d per lb. this is an income worth waiting for.

In the process of drying grass into hay most of the volatile oils which give green herbage its delicate flavor and odor are lost. But some farmers have found that putting clover and other grasses in barns while rather green and mixing with them enough dry straw to absorb moisture, not only preserve the flavor in the hay, but a portion is communicated to the straw, making it much better for milch cows. It is impossible that farmers may yet take to sowing sweet vernal grass for the sole purpose of flavoring their winter's supplies of dry hay or straw.

Successful culture of apples must provide good food for the trees. We never saw the soil to rich for the apple. Kitchen ashes, in which the table refuse is thrown, is an excellent top dressing for apples. We like top dressing better than any other system of manure for apple trees. Even nice ditch scrapings are good to top dress with where nothing else offers.

Each breed predominates in same particular characteristic. The Jersey cow is expected to produce the largest possible amount of cream from a certain quantity of milk and from the smallest allowance of food necessary for that purpose. The Holstein is noted for its ability to give large quantities of milk, as well as excelling as a butter-producer.

A CASE OF DIVORCE.

The following memorable speech of an English judge, made in sentencing a man who had been convicted of bigamy is a master-piece of ironical wit, as it refers to the clumsy state of former divorce laws:

"Prisoner, you have been convicted upon clear evidence; you have intermarried with another woman, your lawful wife being still alive. You have committed the crime of bigamy. You tell me, and indeed the evidence has shown, that your first wife left her home and her young children to live with another man. You say this prosecution is an instrument of extortion on the part of the offender. Be it so. I am bound to tell you that these are circumstances which the law does not in your case take notice of. You had no right to take the law into your own hands. Immediately you heard of your wife's falsehood, you should have prepared your evidence, instructed counsel and proved the case in court; and recollect that it was imperative that you should recover — I do not mean actually obtain — substantial damages. Then you should have instituted a suit for a divorce from table and bed.

Your case is a very clear one, and I doubt not you would have obtained your divorce. After this step your course was quite plain; you had only to obtain a private Act of Parliament to dissolve your marriage. This you would get as a matter of course upon payment of the proper fees and proof of the facts; you might then have lawfully married again. It is true that 'a hated woman when she is married is a thing that the earth cannot bear,' and that 'a bad wife is to her husband as rottenness to his bones.' You, however, must bear this great evil, or must adopt the remedy prescribed by the constitution of your country. I see you would tell me that these proceedings would cost you £1,000, and that all your small stock-in-trade is not worth £100. Perhaps it may be so. The law has nothing to say to that. If you had taken these proceedings, you would have been free from your present wife, and the woman whom you have secondly married would have been a respectable matron. As you have not done so, you stand there a convicted culprit, and it is my duty to pass sentence upon you. You will be imprisoned for one day."

Scene in the Siberian Mines.

The exiles who live in the mines of Russian Siberia are convicts of the worst type and political offenders of the best. The murderer for his villainy, the intelligent and honest Polish rebel for his patriotism, are deemed equally worthy of the punishment of slow death. They never see the light of day, but work and sleep all the year round in the depths of the earth, extracting silver or quicksilver, under the eyes of taskmasters who have orders not to spare them.

Iron gates, guarded by sentries, close the lodes, or streets, at the bottom of the shafts, and the miners are railed off from one another in gangs of twenty. They sleep within rock-hewn recesses — very kennels—into which they must creep on all fours. Price Lumbomiroski, who was authorized to visit one of the mines of the Ural at a time when it was not suspected that he would publish an account of his exploration in French, has given an appalling account of what he saw.

Convicts racked with the joint pains which quicksilver produces; men whose hair and eyebrows had dropped off, and who were gaunt as skeletons, were kept to hard labor under the lash. They have only two holidays a year—Christmas and Easter—and all other days, Sunday included, they must toil until exhausted nature robs them of their limbs, when they are hauled up to die in the infirmary.

Five years in the quicksilver pits are enough to turn a man of thirty into an apperent sexagenarian, but some have been known to struggle on for ten years. No man who has served in the mines is ever allowed to return home. The most he can obtain in the way of grace is leave to come up and work in the roadways, and it is the promise of this favor as a reward for industry which operates even more than the lash to maintain discipline. Women are employed in the mines as sifters, and get no better treatment than the men.

Polish ladies by the dozens have been sent down to rot and die, while the St. Petersburg journals were declaring that they were living as free colonists; and more recently, ladies connected with Nihilist conspiracies have been consigned to the mines in pursuance of a sentence of hard labor. It must always be understood that a sentence of Siberian hard labor means death.

The skin of the Earth.

We talk a good deal about boring and digging into the bowels of the earth. It is a mistake. We have never reached the bowels of the earth any more than the bill of a great gnat that pricks you on the abdomen reaches your bowels.

The human skin is about one two hundredth and fiftieth of the diameter of the body; allow the earth a skin proportionately thick and it will be 30 miles through.

The deepest borings have been about a half mile, not through the false or outer layer of skin; not near to the cutis vera. The highest mountains have only shown us what may be brought at about one fifteenth the thickness of the earth's skin. Could we go through this thick hide into the real flesh and blood of the earth what wonders might be discovered!

At the last session of congress there was a movement to get an appropriation to bore a hole as deep as it could possibly be made under the direction of the best engineers, but it failed. Money so appropriated would be spent to much better purpose than that appropriated for explorations to the north pole and many other objects.

The heat and gasses of the earth's interior are to be the forces of the future for motor power, lighting and heating. A bore 10, 15, 20, 50 miles deep may be impossible, but he is not wise who says impossible of anything within human endeavor.

We simply mean that, since so much has been discovered by merely scratching and puncturing the false skin of the earth, might not wonderful results be obtained by reaching through its skin?

The German Empress and Female Servants.

It has been the custom for the German Empress for the last ten years to present golden crosses, each with an autograph diploma, to those female servants who could show that they had remained forty years uninterruptedly in the same family. In the course of this period Her Majesty has conferred no fewer than 1268 such distinctions on Prussian subjects, including the inhabitants of Reichsland.

—The most extensive park is Deer Park in Denmark. It contains 4,200 acres.

THIS PAPER may be found on file at [illegible] Advertising Agency, where contracts may be made for it in NEW YORK.

THE BRINK OF THE PRECIPICE.

The Slight Step that Has Proven Fatal to so Many Men and Women.

Recently Senator Pike of New Hampshire, while talking with a friend suddenly threw up his head, gasped, and without a word fell to the ground dead. General McClellan went out for a drive, came home and died in his chair. William H. Vanderbilt is conversing with Mr. Garrett of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad in his own house, and suddenly falls to the floor dead. A prominent citizen of Boston hastens to catch a train at the depot, and dies before the train leaves the station. A well known society lady of Hartford while dancing at a reception suddenly becomes faint, and before she can be conveyed from the room has ceased to breathe. These are a few of the sudden deaths of which we hear, but the vast number of which we do not hear is thousands. Are they all caused by heart disease? Do the mysterious beatings of that delicate instrument, that works day and night without ceasing, stop of their own accord, and thus bring death at once!

FELL DEAD.

Mr. Henry T. Dodge resides at East Providence, R. I. About eight months ago he felt a shortness of breath, a peculiar faintness, and occasional shooting pains at his heart. He noticed that his pulse was irregular and would once in a while skip a beat. These symptoms were not continuous, and some days he would feel as well as usual, but at other times he would be painfully aware that he had a heart and that it was diseased. Finally his body began to bloat, and he consulted a number of doctors. They all pronounced his trouble heart disease, but would not prescribe for him because they said it was beyond their reach. Mr. Dodge then went to Dr. George D. Wilcox, one of the best physicians in New England. After a careful examination Dr. Wilcox told him there was but one thing that could cure him, and to try that as a last resort. With but little hope Mr. Dodge consented. In two days the bloating disappeared, the pain departed, the pulse became full and regular, and Mr. Dodge is well and in perfect health to-day because Hunt's Remedy saved him.

THE DOCTOR'S CALL.

Dr. Wilcox, in conversation with the writer on this subject, said: "In a careful observation extending over twenty years I have found Hunt's Remedy in vast numbers of cases of an organic nature exceedingly efficient and acting very promptly. Its power is best illustrated in valvular heart lesions with dropsy, also in simple enlargement of the heart without valvular disease. When the heart becomes weakened and unable to circulate the blood, Hunt's Remedy is so valuable that I have been in the habit of naming it "Heart Tonic."

ONE OUT OF FIVE.

This is what one of the ablest physicians in this country says about this wonderful remedy, which has won its way to such popularity solely on its merits. One out of every five men, women, and children has functional disease of the heart, and one out of every eight organic disease of the heart! This is a terrible fact, but a solemn fact, nevertheless, and it is cause for gratitude that a remedy has been found which will not only check the disease in time, but prevent its increase after the first symptoms are observed.

"A word to the wise is sufficient."

Lime is not only essential to the soil but also to stock, and should the food supplied be deficient in bone. For every 100 parts of phosphoric acid in bone there are 120 parts of lime. A herd of cows in Germany having only soft water to drink were affected with a disease called bone brittleness, but when the herd was supplied with hard water the disease disappeared.

Lactid acid and glycerine, mixed with water in the proportion of one pound of each to eight pounds of water, make a soldering mixture for tin cans in which fruit, flesh or vegetables are to be contained, which is reported harmless from a health point of view. It has been tried successfully in canning fish and has none of the poisonous properties of the chloride of zinc in common use.

There should be dairy schools attached to most af the agricultural colleges where girls as well as boys could attend and learn how to make butter and cheese. Why should not the women of the land have a chance to get some of the abundance of information to be had at our agricultural colleges? Surely the women have to work on farms, and hard too.

"A bushel of corn, when compacted into lard, or cheese or butter," says the New Orleans *Times-Democrat*, "can find its market anywhere in the world where the cost of sending the corn itself would make a market for it impossible. Besides this, in the making of the lard or butter a makurial residue is left on the land, instead of being carried away to fertilize foreign fields. This is the kernel of the argument for mixed farming instead of grain farming."

Squash and melon seed which have been grown in contiguity are never trustworthy. All the gourd tribe are so closely related as to inter-breed with great facility, and the seeds which are really the fruit, become mixed and impure. Melons grown from seed thus adulterated have a coarse and disagreeable flavor and are wholly worthless. As the mixing is due to the effect of insects, which carry the pollen from one plant to another, the seed should be gathered only from plants which are grown in the centre of a field or patch.

To keep flies out of the stable nothing is better than soft soap and carbolic acid thrown on the floor once or twice a day. The mixture may be made of crude carbolic acid, which can be obtained very cheap, and ordinary soft soap. The amount of the acid depends on the strength of the soap. This can be easily told by pouring the two together and letting them stand, after thoroughly mixing for an hour or two. Then mix a little with soft water. If too much acid is present it will be shown by particles of oil floating on the surface. Two or three tablespoonsful of acid to a quart of soap will usually suffice.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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It is a powerful Restorative Tonic and Nervine, imparts vigor and strength to the system, and cures, as if by magic, Leucorrhea, or "whites," excessive flowing, painful menstruation, unnatural suppressions, prolapsus or falling of the uterus, weak back, anteversion, retroversion, bearing-down sensations, chronic congestion, inflammation and ulceration of the womb, inflammation, pain and tenderness in ovaries, internal heat, and "female weakness."

It promptly relieves and cures Nausea and Weakness of Stomach, Indigestion, Bloating, Nervous Prostration, and Sleeplessness, in either sex.

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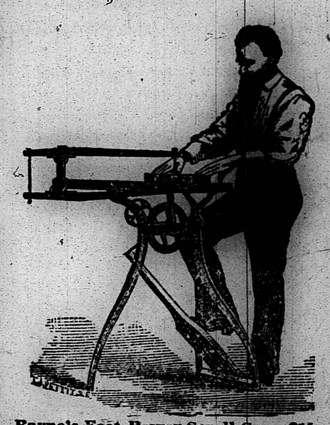

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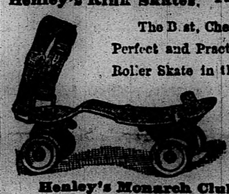

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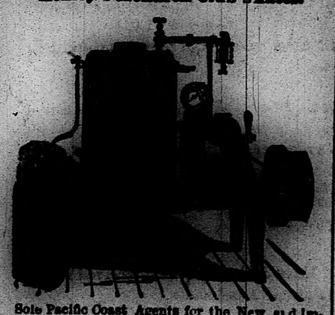

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Hogs and sheep, each	05
Loose stock, each	05
Empty teams, half price.	

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NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE rates of tolls on the

BIG MEADOWS AND BODIE WAGON ROAD

are as follows:

Buggy team	$1 00
Loaded wagon and two animals	1 00
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Horseman	25
Pack Animals, each	25
Hogs and sheep, each	05
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